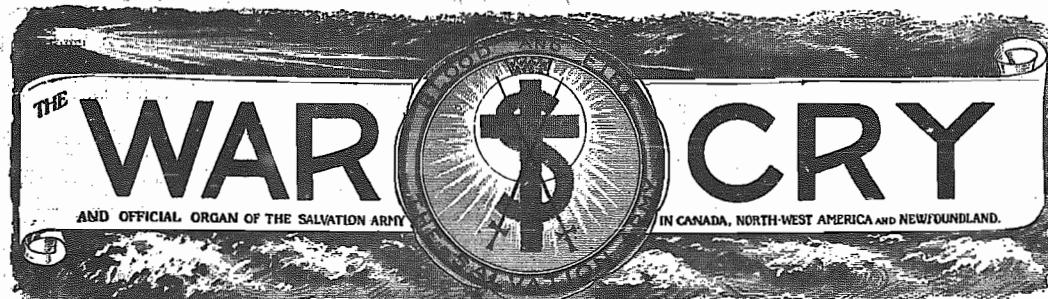


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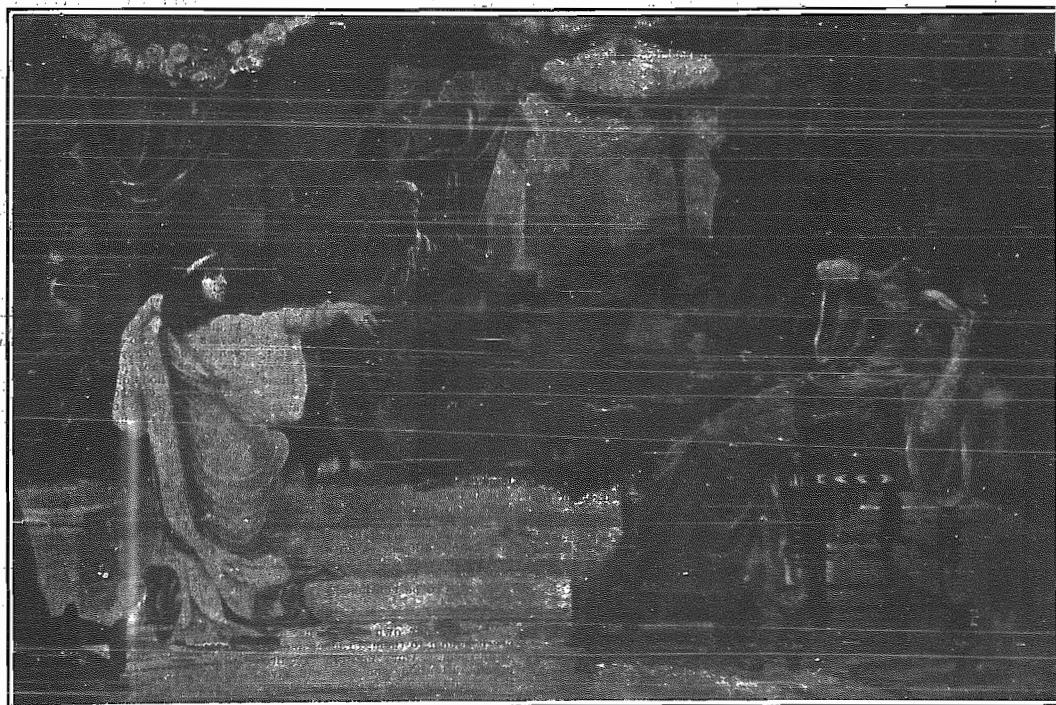
17th Year, No. 46

WILLIAM BOOTH
General

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1901

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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ESTHER DENOUNCING HAMAN.

"Then Esther the Queen answered and said, If I have found favor in thy sight, O King . . . let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request: For we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. . . Then the King Ahasuerus answered and said unto Esther the Queen, Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so? And Esther said, The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman. Then Haman was afraid before the King and the Queen."—Esther vii. 3-6.

THE QUEEN WHO SAVED A PEOPLE.

OUNDED pride was the cause of that terrible royal decree which had doomed the Jewish people to destruction. Haman was proud, and the refusal of Mordecai to salute him with the customary honors rankled in his heart. It illustrates the littleness of his mind. A noble mind will not be offended by neglected homage, since it is not the homage that makes man great. On the other hand, paying homage is not necessarily the acknowledgment of greatness in the per-

son so honored; yet small-minded people always like flattery and attention.

Haman's pride was sorely wounded. A stranger, and a Jew at that, had not bowed down; and given him, the highest representative of the King, the royal salutation. It was monstrous. It must be punished. And by using misrepresentation and taking every advantage of his position, he induced the King to sign the "decree of extermination" of the Jews. What a bitter, revengeful spirit Haman showed in desiring the destruction of

an entire people for the offence of one of its members.

But God sat in Government. Esther was found not only a Queen in name, but a queen in thought and action. She risked the royal displeasure, and banishment, to save her people, and she succeeded, because she relied on the God of her fathers.

Haman was hanged on the gallows prepared for his victims.

Pride of heart cannot take the place of greatness of soul.

Don't set a trap to avenge yourself on an enemy. You will fall into your own trap.

Great risks taken in the cause of

right are safe risks, which carry big insurances.

God has decreed that all who sin shall die, which means the whole human race, since all have sinned.

But God has issued another decree, through the intercession of His Son, that all who have sinned may be forgiven through Jesus Christ, and may slay the enemies of mankind to save their fellow-men.

Let every Christian rise then, and arm himself for the greatest conflict of the universe, the battle between Heaven and Hell. Warriors are wanted! You must fight, or be defeated yourself. Rouse yourself, then, without delay, and fight.

Items of Interest.

Next to Great Britain, Russia is the largest exhibitor at Glasgow Exhibition.

Lord Kitchener is now in his 52nd year. His military service is one of 30 years.

Ninety-eight per cent. of the slaves of Zanzibar and Pemba prefer to remain slaves.

France has 60 cities with more than 80,000 inhabitants, and 12 of these exceed 100,000.

The world has two and a quarter million acres under tobacco, which produce 860,000 tons a year.

The lowest tides, where any exist at all, are at Panama, where two feet is the average rise and fall.

The Egyptian Sudan has 12 provinces, with an area of a million square miles, and 10½ million people.

Patented processes have been devised in Germany for converting sawdust into charcoal and other products.

In Persia they sponge up their tears at funerals, and afterwards squeeze the fluid into bottles for preservation.

Four thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight of the present population of the United Kingdom were born at sea.

The Empress of Russia operates a typewriter, and assists her husband by taking down many of his letters from dictation.

London uses one hundred and ten pounds of tea yearly per inhabitant. New York one thousand three hundred pounds a year.

The banking power of the United Kingdom has increased from one hundred and thirty-two millions, in 1814, to over one thousand millions at present.

The Norwegian Parliament is called the Storting, that of Sweden the Riksdag, of Servia the Skupsting, of Greece the Boule, of Bulgaria the Sobranje.

Prof. Fliesen, of Copenhagen, the discoverer of the "light cure" for lupus, is himself an invalid, suffering from heart disease, but he, nevertheless, is a tireless worker.

The Congo is one of the widest waterways in the globe, if not the finest. In some parts it is so wide that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight.

Thirty per cent. of the civilized population of the world speaks English, nineteen per cent. German, nineteen per cent. Russian, twelve per cent. French, ten per cent. Spanish.

The Infanta Isabella is an enthusiast in all field sports, and she is now horrifying the stricter sort of persons in Madrid by tearing about the streets in a motor car, which she drives herself.

Prussia holds the record for hay production, growing thirty-three hundredweight to the acre; Britain comes next with thirty hundredweight. Thirty hundredweight of hay means four and a half tons of green grass.

The letter E holds the record for frequent use. In one thousand letters it occurs one hundred and thirty-eight times in English, one hundred and eighty-four in French, one hundred and seventy-eight in German, and one hundred and forty-five in Spanish.

CURVES AND CORNERS.

Who has not found it most convenient to turn a sharp corner on the way to one's own ends, to avoid being intercepted and delayed? What a hurry we are in, to be sure, most of us, going at top speed by the shortest way to reach what we are aiming at. Anything that will shorten this rush, or check it even for a moment, is good. Now and then a word in season makes its appeal to considerately, serving me as a temporary influence, if no more. Here are two lines from a bit of verse by

EVER-DAY RELIGION.

BY THE GENERAL

BEREAVEMENT.

4. Encourage yourself with the prospect of going to join them in that land to which your loved ones have passed, and that before long. This was David's consolation on the loss of his child. He seems to have loved it very tenderly indeed, and there were few things in his kingdom that he would not have given to have kept it with him. But when it was gone, he bowed to the Divine will, saying, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Following up the illustration which I have already given you, on the news reaching the distressed father that his boy was safe, happy and prosperous, but so circumstances as not to be able to return to his native land, or to again meet his dear father there, and, therefore, he had made arrangements by which both father and mother, and all his old associates could come and live with him in comfort and harmony for the rest of their days, I think the parents and others who had loved the young man would be greatly comforted. I think his father would be likely to say, "Well, praise God, it is well with my boy, for although he cannot come to us, we can go to him. We may have to wait awhile, but we will surely go and see him again."

So, my dear comrades, your dear wife, or your husband, or your darling child—the dower of your flock—or some companion of your heart—a part of yourself, as it were—has suffered shipwreck on the ocean of time. Their vessel has gone to pieces, torn from old age, perhaps it struck some sunken reef of fever or other disease, and went suddenly down. But your loved one is safe; manned by the angels, the life-boat came out from the golden shores and carried them safely into the distant haven. Already they are standing in the presence of the King; and not only so, but the message has come to you that arrangements have been made for your coming to share their happiness, and dwell with them for ever.

Many years ago, I was much impressed by the following simple song, and since then have been blessed many a time in singing them to myself. There may be some comfort in them to some of my readers, and

Mr. Frank Hamilton, which may well stay the haunting feet:
Cut off sharp corners. Change thy shortest way.

To curves of mindfulness of others' weal.

Truly, we are not thinking of others' weal when we send around sharp corners on our own errands, out of sight and away. The roundabout path, the step aside.

The Little Tarrying to Serve a Neighbor

or to salute a friend, may take a trifle more time, but, ah, the gain of it! That curve of mindfulness may mean a little friendly interchange that will set small joy-bells ringing, or set a similar memory-mark upon a hidden store of recollection.

Alas, friends see so little of each other these busy days! As many visits as possible are accomplished in a few hours. But the heartsome little interviews that might be secured if now and then a corner were changed to a curve, in the sweet mindfulness of truest weal, would speed one faster on the upward way, if one but knew.

We Must Take Time to Be Kind.

We cannot "nip off the brittle end of courtesy," and fling it from us as a courtesy, and hope to rush around the corner, and hope to further others' welfare thereby, or our own either. We must take the long path for that betimes.

THE HOME.

The Supplementary Pantry.

A Suggestion that May Prove Helpful to Housekeepers.

although not original or unknown to many, I give them here for the benefit of those who have not met with them before. The first song is of the saint:—

I shine in the light of God;
His likeness stamps my brow;
Through the valley of death my feet
have trod,

And I reign in Glory now.

I have reached the joys of heaven,
I am one of the saints band;
For my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learnt the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still
ring

With my new-horn melody.

Oh, friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true!
Ye are watching still in the valley of
tears,

But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh, no!
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts
below,

Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glimmering
sky?

Do you weep when the raging voice
of war

And the storms of conflict die?

Then why should your tears run down,
And your heart be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's
crown.

And another soul in heaven?

But here I fancy some of my readers may be saying to me, "What! you cannot cherish this hope?" We have been to the grave with those whose faith and character prevented us from having any such expectations as those you have mentioned; anyway, life is a dark uncertainty. What must we do? How can we comfort ourselves?" I can only make one reply: Leave them with God, and hope! The Judge of all the earth will do right. Hoping for the departed will not do them harm. So exercise it; but let the uncertainty in which you are placed about the dead make you doubly diligent to do all that in you lies to secure a sure and certain hope for the living.

(To be continued.)

The first thing is to take stock of your domestic dominion intelligently. Consider well its possibilities, then set about realizing them. With a hall or porch handy, try to put the latches there. Give it the best light possible and as much fresh air. Close beside it fix your fresh meat closet, which, save in the most torrid weather, keeps cooked food better than the icebox itself. Hold it out a dozen feet away from the sun's direct rays; hence it is as much a boon to the flat dweller with a shady fire escape or north-looking window as to the people who have houses all to themselves.

Anybody who can drive a nail can make one at a cost not to exceed a dollar. It is only a frame box, with door and sides of wire gauge and shelves across the inside. It is best made fast to the wall at such a height as to be safe from prowling crits, and should have, further, a sturdy lock. Put away food in it in clean earthen dishes; never in any sort of metal, not even in silver. Slip each dish into a separate cheese cloth bag and twist the bag end tight. If ants, black or red, discover the chest, paint the wood box all outside with camphor once fortnight. Twice a year take down the whole contents and wash it outside and inside with boiling soda water. All manner of food keeps perfectly in it from one meal to the next. Furthermore, things may be put in it while still warm. If they have to go into a tight, unventilated place, as a refrigerator, they need not be stored cold, or they will get soggy or smelly.

Always set away the cooken things in uncovered dishes. Wire gauge dish covers will keep out dust and admit ventilation. They are, however, too costly for many purposes. A good substitute is a hoop or oval of stout wire, with either cheese cloth or mosquito net sewed firmly over it. Make the hoops of sizes to fit all sorts of dishes, or, rather, of sizes to stand as high beyond the edges they must cover. The weight of the wire holds it well down. Every week draw the covers over a wash boiler with water and a little soap, boil for five minutes and dry in the sun.

Light and lime, the best of all antisepsics, should be relied on to keep the fresh air closets sweet. Hang a bag of quick-lime somewhere and change the contents as fast as the lime slackens. In country or suburban houses, ants are often a plague. A ring of air-slacked lime an inch wide and half an inch deep will keep them out of a dish holding food. They cannot crawl over a dish thickly dusted with powdered lime. But since they travel always by definite roads, it is well to find the path and block it by a smear of coal or pine tar, applied if possible outside the pantry. Save in freezing weather, keep fruits, vegetables, and cut flowers in the fruit air closet until wanted. Cooked meats and salt ones can stay through the year round. It is the place for such things as cheese, nuts, raisins, dates, and olives—all of these lose flavor or grow ranky by keeping in a warm place, or by suffering great alternation of temperature.

COMPLETE ONLY IN HIM.

A Christian life is the only complete human life. A life that has not yet responded to the upward call of God, and begun to unfold in the likeness of Jesus Christ, is only the raw material for a true human life. It remains as it is, if it represents an unrealized possibility, an unrealized idea of God. It is, a magnificent failure, for it might have been a full-grown man, a member of that divine family in which Jesus Christ is the first-born.

WILL NOT BE LOST TIME.

The minute sacrifice will not go unrewarded. The little discipline in the exquisite grace of thoughtfulness will overpay the time it takes.

The curve is the line of beauty. Whatever things are lovely, think on these. The wayside memento of gracious salutation, of momentary compassion, may quicken a wearied pace to stop with one bearing a grief or care, or to allow one carrying a cup of joy to overtake us, are lovely things. These "mindful curves of others' weal" are truest beauty lines. Julia H. Johnston.

Your future depends upon what you do with your present chance.

THE GENERAL IN COPENHAGEN.

Enthusiastic Crowds Welcome
Him to Denmark's Capital.

REMARKABLE OPENING CON- GRESS.

This week we give a brief sketch of the General's remarkable welcome demonstration, and the soldiers' meeting on the Saturday night.

Next week we hope to conclude our report of the Continental campaign with a graphic description of the wonderful meetings held in the king's gardens on the Sunday.

THE RECEPTION.

IT is an historic waterway that separates Sweden from Denmark. Most of the events that figure prominently in the history of the two countries are in some way connected with its name, and numerous warriors of bloody fame have, in times gone by, crossed its waves on their fateful errands. Last Friday morning they carried once more the world's great Salvation General from coast to coast, and they smiled in the sunshine as if conscious of the honor and privilege.

Perhaps they would have smiled anyway, but then that part of Copenhagen towards which the General's steamer headed plainly showed that it was thoroughly awake to the importance of the visit about to be paid it, and that it appreciated it in a manner which called for special manifestation; hence these swarms of people that lined the quay; hence these fluttering banners and glowing colors; hence these strains of music floating out on every breeze; these shouts and hallelujahs that pierce the air like feathered arrows; hence all this joyous archery that rolled out towards the steamer and gathered itself in a radiant welcome round the most conspicuous figure on its crowded deck—the figure of the veteran leader of the Salvation Army!

It was a beautiful moment when the General, fresh from Sweden's wonderful battlefields, venerable, but youthfully enthusiastic and forceful, stepped into the circle that opened for him so readily, and closed around him with such acclamations. Still more wonderful because of the fact that behind these hundreds stood the country's thousands, united in the same purpose that the welcome which arose from this multitude found a ready echo throughout a people to whom the Army has meant, and still means, so much.

—♦—

THE SOLDIERS' MEETING.

Saturday evening, the opening of the Copenhagen Congress, was a worthy beginning of what was to follow. It started by breaking one or two records—notably as to crowds. Never have so many soldiers thronged the splendid Copenhagen Temple as on this occasion. Had it been a rainy or otherwise disagreeable night nobody might have been disappointed—but it was one of the hottest July evenings on record. Major Macmillan, the Copenhagen D.O., who glories in seeing well-founded disbelief exploded, was radiant.

He was not the only one. There was plenty of shouting and enthusiasm—there always is in a Danish meeting—but there was something more. There was a splendid realization of tremendous responsibilities from the moment the soldiers had caught a glimpse of their General's face, and felt the influence of the earnestness of his spirit. No body of soldiers left the hall more than his Copenhagen troops; and none are more eager to benefit to the utmost by his presence. Consequently, the meeting was, right from the beginning, a

BIBLE READINGS FROM JAMAICA

HAMAN, THE HANGMAN.

You have read the Book of Esther, if you've read your Bible through. And if not, you'd better read it, as the Lord would have you do. There are doubtless other lessons in it than this striking one—but when I have preached on "hanging," for the present I'll have done.

Mordecai was the uncle, you'll remember to have seen, and the king, Ahasuerus, was the husband of the queen; Haman was the king's lieutenant, and a great man of that day, who disliked the Jewish people in a most vindictive way; And he got the king to hate them, for his highness never knew that his wife, the graceful Esther, was herself an Hebrew, too. So, urged on by Haman's dictio[n], Ahasuerus made decree that upon a certain morning every Jew should slaughtered he. How Queen Esther turned the tables you may in your Bibles read—And her uncle found "a friend in court" was now a "friend indeed." So the gallows built by Haman for his foe, Mordecai, came in handy as a platform whereon he himself should die. In the first place, hanging's risky; if, for instance, Haman knew that his fifty-cubit gallows would be too short for the Jew, he would not have lost his labor, nor, it may be, lost his life, Nor let hatred in his bosom be encouraged by his wife. She it was who first suggested that the gallows should be made, And some friends the motion seconded—friends are seldom much afraid.



Hanging's risky. Do not try it. If there's one you do not like, And you know you are not spotless, do not be the first to strike; Do not build a gallows, either; build a barricade or a hall. Neither dig a pit for others into which perchance you'll fall. If you don't remember Haman, p'raps you may remember she Whom they caught and brought to Jesus when our Saviour said, said He, "Let him who knows he is sinless be the first to cast the stone." Then, when He had further written, He looked up—they were alone; "Where are those who did accuse her?" said He, rising from the floor. "They are gone," she said. Said Jesus: "Go away, and sin no more."

Secondly, then, hanging's hellish, Judas-like, and not of God. Far outside the regulations that our Saviour taught and trod; He said—oh, how we forget it—"if we only love," said He, "Those who love us and befriend us (our choice set) what thank have we. Do not burglars, thieves and robbers love those who will also thief? Let us not, if we are Christians, with this cloak ourselves deceive. Let us not, with vain excuses, try to lower what is high. Nor forget that for our actions we must answer when we die.

Hanging's cowardly; if a sinner is "fast drifting down to hell," Is it not a cowardly action if we hang him first, as well? Though it would not be better, comrade, if we led him up to Heaven. Though it meant oft to forgive him—even up to "seventy-seven!" Think how we have grieved God's spirit, and have disobeyed him—Let us not be Christians Sbyloeks; may God keep our memory green!

Lastly, this man-hanging business is too common nowadays—"I will silently blackmail him," our most modern hangman says, For he's grown gentle and polished, but in heart is still the same; None the less like Haman Hangman, though he scorns this ancient name. —Adjt. Phillips.

remarkable one. From every corner of the hall eager eyes hung on the lips of the General as he spoke to them the message which had become to his own soul a consuming fire, and the influences that swayed the meeting became soon so powerful as to find expression in the faces of the listeners. Tears glistened in many eyes. In a corner a face was covered with trembling hands, and subdued sobs shook there a powerful frame. Needless to say that the closing scenes of the meeting of this description were far beyond the ordinary. The place around the penitent form became holy ground; the tears and sobs of repentance brought near the angels of mercy; the amists and shouts of those who claimed the reward of their consecration filled the hall with heavenly joy, while the long processions of penitents and backsliders testified to the far-reaching impressiveness of the meeting. As stated, it was a worthy beginning.

THE SHUT DOOR.

Adjt. Boggs.

"And they went in, male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him, and the Lord shut him in."—Gen. vii. 16.

And the Lord shut him in. This was too great an undertaking for Noah. Perhaps if he had the doing of this, another chance might have been granted the people, and the ark that carried the hope of the world might have been swamped. It is God Who opens and shuts that door; and we never can tell just when our last chance for getting on board the Heavenly ark will come. Vengeance and recompense belongeth unto God. And the Lord, Who shut Noah and his family into the ark, shut the others out. So it will be at the final judgment.

That was a sad day for those people who lived before the flood. They had rejected the invitation of Noah, and would not hear the call. But what a fearful weeping and wailing there will be when the Lord shuts the door of His mercy upon a world about to perish. Oh, sinner, take care. Your foot shall slide in due time, for the day of their calamity is at hand, and the things that shall come upon you."

Make Haste!

The ark was typical of Christ. He came when there was no hope for a lost world, and made a way of escape for every guilty, lost son and daughter of Adam's race. Through the open door of salvation we may all find that there is safety in the ark of God. But if you neglect to get your heart cleansed by the blood, and spend your life in sin, the consequence of not being ready will be that the door of opportunity, repentance, mercy and salvation will be forever closed.

How safe Noah must have felt when the Lord shut him in, and we are safe when we know that Christ is at the helm. Have you stood beside the faithful dying soldier of the Cross as he neared the Jordan of death, and heard his last faint whisper that the everlasting arms were around him, and that he was soon to be eternally shut in with Christ forever in His likeness? There need not be one left behind, for Christ has bidden all mankind.

WHAT WEARS ONE OUT?

It is easier to be the pastor of a thousand workers than of ten drones. The sight of a dying church, or even a dull one, wears harder on a pastor than the most arduous toil for a living and growing church. It is not what we do, but what we fail to do, that wears us out.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

Fear God and you need not fear anything.

Don't be afraid to be misunderstood, but avoid it when possible.

STRONG DRINK IN RELATION TO WORK FOR CHRIST.

A Paper Read at the World's Temperance Congress.

BY W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, CHIEF OF THE INTERNATIONAL STAFF.

THE work of Christ, in its ultimate purpose, was the production of the greatest amount of happiness. The well-being of men lay at the foundation of His great sacrifice, and was equally the objective of His great example. Called to be co-workers with Him, we who accept His redeeming love and acknowledge His Kingship, are required to conform to His principles, live, and to labor in harmony with the same principles upon which He Himself works for the good of others. To be a follower of Christ, in the New Testament conception of that term, is to be a worker for Christ. Indeed the Scriptures do not appear to contemplate any such thing as association with Christ, without corresponding responsibility for labor in His cause—that is,



labor in the business of promoting the happiness of mankind.

But effective labor in any such cause involves both devotion to that cause and opposition to the forces which hinder it. The modern idea of the preservation of life, for example, supposes a changeless antipathy to disease on the part of the men to whom society has entrusted the interests of the public health. All progress in that direction implies, not only a high estimate of the value of human life, but progress towards the

Complete Extermination

of disease-breeding centres, of infection-bearing agents, and of all the paraphernalia of poison-distributing media. The true lover of liberty, also, is not merely a devotee of freedom in the abstract, extolling its joys, and singing its triumphs, but he is a hater and an opponent of slavery, of oppression, of human bondage in every form, in every clique, in every age; he passes over the supposed advantages which are incidentally claimed for here and there, and fixing his attention on the principle of evil, of which it is the incarnation, he loathes it, sets himself to resist it, and will only be satisfied when it has been exterminated root and branch.

This principle applies to all human progress, and it holds in work for Christ, only because it is in the nature of things reasonable and necessary, but because it is in harmony with His own character. The idea of His assenting to the theories or forces which oppose His standards of love and right, is unthinkable. That He could have consented to profit, even in His holy mission, by any dabbling with the Roman or Jewish iniquity which prevailed around Him, is inconceivable. A moment's consideration compels us to acknowledge with reverence, that with Him

Compromise Was an Impossible as Crime.

Next in importance, and in unending influence on mankind to His death on the cross, was the lofty and inflexible moral standard He erected in sight of a selfish and compromising world.

And this must be true of Him, it must be true of those who really follow Him. He has called them to be co-operators with Him. He set up a human society—“the church”—and referred to it as “the army” for the declared purpose of carrying on the work He began. His whole conception of that church involves a union of men and women, not only devoted to His person, not only striving after high moral attainments themselves, not merely

even girded to suffer for His name, but of men and women united in a passion of service for those who are ignorant of His power and outside His fold. Go and preach My gospel to every creature, He said;—Go and deal with all nations; Go and know nothing among men but Me and My words; Go and pull men out of their fire. Go and lift Me up, and I will draw them to Me. And in this service will He realized His great will of holiness and His high purpose in the holiness and happiness of men.

Among the forces arrayed

against the Happiness of Mankind, I think that even our opponents will agree that strong drink occupies a leading place. For myself, I do not hesitate to say that it is responsible for more crime, for more poverty, for

more disease, for more premature death, for more moral degradation, and for more sin against God, than all the wars and slaveries of the world put together. The universal judgment of thoughtful and responsible men pronounces upon it and its instruments, as a unanimous verdict of guilty to the most awful indictment ever brought against any form of evil. The churches themselves have proved it the most fruitful source of weakness and backsliding, and the members who have been lost to their communions by its agency, are perhaps as great as the whole number of those which have remained behind. Not content with the conquests of the moment, it provides that its victims pass on to future generations the seeds of a frightful harvest. The children, and the children's children—yes, to the third and fourth generation—stunted in their physical powers and

Marred in Their Moral Nature.

grow up to curse it, to be cursed again, and to pass on the curse once more.

But as all this is admitted, I will not insult you by adducing proofs. One might almost declare that the whole creation groans in proof of the enormity of that burden of misery which the drink and the drink traffic have laid upon us.

(To be continued.)

JUSTIFICATION.

By J. A. WOOD.

What is justification?

Justification is pardon or forgiveness. Sin is a violation of law, and is a capital offence. “The wages of sin is death.” Justification is that governmental act of God’s grace, absolving the penitent sinner from all past guilt, and removing the penalty of violated law. It precedes regeneration, and is by faith. The penitent sinner believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, and God pronounces him released from the punishment which they deserve, receives him into favor and fellowship, and treats him as though he had not sinned. “Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Can a state of justification be retained while sin is committed?

It cannot. “He that committeth sin is of the devil.” The commission of sin negatives the justified state, and any professing Christian who lives in the commission of sin, is a sinner and not a saint. “He that saith, I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments, is a liar.” We know that whosoever is born of God stineth not. “Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law.” “In this committing sin or otherwise) the children of God are manifest and the children of the devil.”

All sin is forbidden, and he who commits sin is “of the devil.” No state of grace admits of committing sin. A state of justification implies freedom from the guilt of sin by pardon, and freedom from the commission of sin by renewing, assisting grace. “Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.”

The lowest type of Christian sin—not, and it is condemned. The minimum of salvation is salvation from sin. The maximum is salvation from pollution—the inclination to sin.

What Others Say About It.

1. Mr. Wesley says: “But even babes in Christ are so far perfect as not to commit sin. . . . We all agree and earnestly maintain, ‘He that committeth sin is of the devil.’” We agree, “whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.”—Sermon on “Sin in Believers.”

2. Rev. Luther Lee says: “No man can believe with the heart unto righteousness, or so as to obtain justification, while living in the practice of any known sin, or in the neglect of any known duty. . . . The moment he does what he knows to be a sin, or neglects what he knows to be a duty, faith, by which he is justified, lets go its hold upon God, and he loses

his justification. . . . Justification, which is by faith alone, carries with it entire submission and obedience to God. . . . The will is right at the moment of regeneration, and it must remain right, or wilful sin will be the result, and justification will be lost.”—Lee’s Theology, p. 191.

3. Rev. Timothy Merritt says: “The word of God plainly declares that those who are born again, even in the lowest sense, do not continue in sin; that they cannot live any longer therein.”—Christian Manual.

4. “The continuance of the justified state,” says Bishop Peck, “implies obedience in intention to all the requirements of the Gospel, the law of progress (“grow in grace”), and the law of purity (“be ye holy”), included.”—Central Idea, p. 59.

5. Rev. Alfred Barnes says: “No man can be a Christian who voluntarily indulges in sin, or in what he knows to be wrong.”—Notes on II. Corinthians, chap. 7.

Received and Retained by Faith.

The conditions of receiving justification and of retaining it are the same. Christ is received by penitential submission and faith. “As ye have therefore received Jesus Christ the Lord, so walk ye in Him.” Justification cannot be retained with less consecration and faith than that by which it was received.

Conscious confidence and conscious guilt cannot co-exist in the same heart. There can be no union between justifying faith and conscious guilt. While obedience makes faith perfect, disobedience destroys it. Salvation is by appropriating faith, and such faith or trust can be exercised only when there is a consciousness of complete surrender to God. A justified state can exist only in connection with a serious, honest intention to obey all the commands of God.

The standard of justification is too low among many professors of religion. It should ever be borne in mind that believers cannot commit sin without forfeiting justification and laying the foundation for repentance from dead works. There must be a continuing obedience to all the known will of God, if we would retain His favor.

The commission of sin, any sin, is inconsistent with supreme love to God. If we love God supremely (and not to do it is idolatry), we cannot knowingly displease Him for the sake of pleasing ourselves. Whom we supremely love we desire to please, and

all sin is an offence against the law of love.

We should make a distinction, to some extent, between sin committed by deliberate thought and set purpose, and sin committed by sudden impulse, under strong distraction and temptation.

Are obedience and disobedience units in their spirit and root?

Eternal Antagonisms.

They are; and they are eternal antagonists.

1. The real spirit of disobedience is ever one and the same—the same for every precept, the same for all times, and for all circumstances. Each sin alike is a violation of the same obligation, outrages the same law, insults the same Law-giver, evinces the same rebellion of spirit, and incurs the same fearful curse denounced against the law-breaker. “Whoever will keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.” (James ii. 10.)

2. The real spirit of obedience is ever one and the same, the same for every precept, the same for all times, and for all circumstances. The spirit of true obedience has regard to God’s supreme authority, and involves submission of the whole soul to that authority. Every act of real obedience has reference to the same obligation, regard for the same law, respect to the same Law-giver, evinces the same submissive spirit, and secures the same glorious reward in the divine favor and blessing. Hence, he who has the true spirit of obedience as to one precept of the law, has it as to all the rest. “He that is faithful in much, is faithful also in little.” (Luke xvi. 10.)

3. The law of God is essentially a unit. It is such, in so much that he who breaks any one precept breaks the law—insults the Law-giver, and avows disregard of His authority. The majesty and authority of the law resides equally in every precept, so that he who disobeys any single precept disobeys God, and incurs a blow which takes effect against the whole law. God’s law is one; a common interest and relationship exist between all the precepts, so that we cannot honor and obey one part, while we are disobeying and trampling down another part. “He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.” (Luke xvi. 10.)

4. Total abstinence from all sin is the only practicable rule of life. To sin in one thing, and to really obey God in another at the same time, is utterly impossible. All true obedience involves supreme regard to divine authority, and he who has it, cannot knowingly disregard or reject that authority. God forbids all sin. Every precept of the law has an equal obligation. Disobedience rejects and insults divine authority, and lays the foundation for universal disobedience.

A spirit of disobedience in the heart, in any item of God’s will, vitiates for the time any true obedience, hence, real obedience to God in one thing, and persistent disobedience in another thing, cannot exist at the same time. The soul under the pressure of distraction of powerful temptation, as already stated, may occasionally for a moment sin, while it may really obey God in all things. “I worship Thee, sweet will of God! And all Thy ways adore. And every day I live I seem To love Thee more and more.”—Faber.

GOD’S PURPOSE.

The one purpose which, above all others, God holds dear, that by which, in the course of His heart, He convinces Himself to be greater than all other purposes—is the reduction of all hostile territory of His universe—the subjection of every recalcitrant spiritual unit—wheresoever and whenever found; by the methods of love as the primary means, and by the methods of justice as the alternative means. This is, so far as the wisest can see, God’s ultimate purpose, that upon which He has set His heart—towards which the groaning creation laboreth.

In recipes for happiness goodness must always be the principal ingredient.

The Army's 36th Anniversary Celebrated in Exeter Hall.

A Message Read from the General—Addresses by Commissioner Coombs and Commissioner Nicol.

"W" E ought in humility to recognise His great favour, and we ought with unceasing gratitude to adore Him for it. He has accomplished by us much for the world's welfare. If we do not, we may expect the stones in every city where our Flag is flying to cry out against us. Let us be careful to magnify His work, and to give Him all the praise!—(Extract from General's Message read by Commissioner Coombs).

It would be idle to deny that we did not miss The General or the Chief of the Staff at Exeter Hall last Monday, when the North London Province, with Commissioner Coombs at its head, took possession of it for the purpose of carrying out the spirit of the above counsel. On the other hand, it was far from being an exhibition of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. It was one of the Army's strongest Provinces in England celebrating the Army's thirty-six years' triumphant warfare. And well worthy of its position, name, and leader was the event. "By far the most interesting and surprising combination of talent contained in the Army that has been seen in Exeter Hall for many a day," such, in paraphrase, was the opinion one heard of the meeting from all quarters of the Province during the week.

THE CELEBRATION WAS WELL PLANNED

and took a three-fold form. First came a gathering of five hundred Officers and Cadets from Broad Street Stc., on to Exeter Hall, via the Bank of England, Royal Exchange, Mansion House, Cannon Street, Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Street. Seen, as we saw it, from the garden-seat of a west-going bus, the long column of dark blue, illuminated by white-helmeted bandsmen and flags—the latter looking bright against the grey walls of the City and the sombre stream of humanity through which our procession glided with the gracefulness and order of a swan—evidently made a deep impression.

Of late, many processions have passed through the good and ancient London towns, adorned by the gold-sticks of drum-majors and enthused by the catching spirit of military glory; but here was one ploughing the sweet strains of peace, waving the Colours of a bloodless conquest, with its regiment of darling (women) Soldiers, who pass in and out every day of their lives the drosses of disease, dirt, and drunkenness, and another regiment in training for the evangelization of the earth with the salvation of the Son of Man; and if (the procession) was not exactly halled by the plumbum of the merchant prince and the city clerk, nothing was lacking in respect.

PEOPLE WHISPERED ABOUT IT

with a familiarity born of sincere regard and encouragement, and though it was six o'clock when the procession ducked its head under the railings at Ludgate Circus—a time when the rush to the trains is greatest—we did not observe a scowl on one face.

The second part of the Celebration centred in the meeting itself—a meeting which will form a landmark for several minor developments in the demonstration-line in the future. The big hall was

JAMMED WITH SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS

of the corps. The platform was reduced to permit of a half-circle for certain Junior evolutions. The Rink, the Chalk Farm, and Wood Green Bands were massed between the grand organ and the first row of chairs.

Huge posters announcing Divisional, as distinct from the Provincial, demonstrations purposes, formed the background. Junior Soldiers and members of Bands of Love filled the line of chairs in the semi-circle, at their feet being hoops, dumb-bells, and other instruments of service. On the east wing of the orchestra sat Corps Cadets, and the Manor Park Songsters; on the west, Cadets from Clapton and Headquarters Officers. There was a

FINE MUSTER OF STARS AND CRESTS

on the seats of honor, and Commissioner Coombs and Colonel Whatmore had just cause to be proud of the gathering from this, as, indeed, from nearly every point of view.

From the exultant and vociferous reception of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs and Colonel and Mrs. Whatmore, the Benediction, there was not a dull moment or an irreverent hitch in the programme. The programme was framed upon the plan of a living—not canvas or theatrical—panorama of the Army's progress in song, music, exercise, instruction, and salutation.

How like the radical in us to begin with the "Old Hundredth," and warp "Thank God I'm saved!" (tune "The Anchor Weighed"), while the refrain was electrified by a force of hands.

There were only four addresses, all short and practical. In a few well-chosen words, Commissioner Coombs congratulated the Province upon its position, described the Army's advance, voiced the ery of The Army for



Commissioner Nicol.

a universal baptism of soul-saving energy, and then, considering himself happy as well as honored in having a message to read from The General, the British Commissioner put his hand gently but authoritatively on the programme.

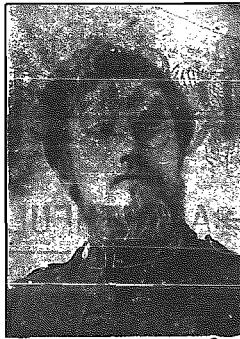
Colonel Whatmore—whose reception was intended to show, and showed without my mistake, how

DELIGHTED THE NORTH LONDON SOLDIERS

were they, with their P.O., were in Exeter Hall—had to tell a story, or rather say something that was as good as a story. In effect, the Colonel said:

"This is our thanksgiving night for our thirtieth Birthday. I thank you all. (Volleys.) I thank our Commissioner, Commissioner Ross, Mrs. Colonel Hay, the bands, etc., etc. The word thanksgiving divides itself into two parts. The first part—'thanks'—I have performed; the latter part—'giving'—you must perform!" (Loud and prolonged volleys).

Mrs. Colonel Hay—who dipped under the rail, and walked to the edge of the semi-circle in front of the leader's desk, that she might be seen and



Commissioner Coombs.

heard—touched the vital chord in the heart of the meeting.

It was a noble yet humorous anniversary appeal for a flesh-and-blood consecration in the spirit of love for the salvation of men. "Not," she cried, "a namby-pamby surrender—made today and taken back to-morrow; but a consecration that breaks down at the first sight of one of those respectable insects (Mrs. Hay employed, in round Scottish brogue, the less refined word 'heal') you occasionally find in chairs or armchairs, but one that is prepared to wade through dirt, and squalor, or vermin for the salvation of sinners."

With the thermometer at eighty-six degrees in the hall, the significance of the London Slum leader's demand was strengthened, nay, rather appreciated. The little warrior got a terrific volley of encouragement as she sat down.

Owing to the worn condition of the Commissioner's and his Chief Secretary's throats, Commissioner Nicol was asked to give "the call to arms," and in a few, clear, ringing words portrayed the country rolling on to perfection in the stream of divine salvation. For instance, he pointed to the Flag, with its colors representing the only principles worth living for and fighting for.

But what of the meeting itself? Well, that part of the celebration is soon told, inasmuch as it only requires us to state its leading features, and to repeat that whether it was felt, seen, or heard, it was not far off perfection.

The bands already referred to did justice to the fifteen thousand comrades whom they represented. However, it must be admitted that the mighty throng into a rhapsody of salvation. Mrs. Easton Starr, Bandsman Cardy, Ensign Maxwell, and Sister Croker, represented England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales in songs, the standard of which may safely be copied by our soloists everywhere.

To the Juniors, Young People and Corps-Cadets the Hon. share of the honors deservedly belonged.

The Plaistow Juniors, under Sergt. Hudson, the Chalk Farm Y. P. I., under Scc. Clark, the Islington Brigade, under Sister A. Williams, and the Corps-Cadets, led by Brigadier Tait, all did their

WORK WITHOUT FUSS AND STAGEISMS.

Simple, natural, and spiritual in look and dress, their exhibitions of song and drill were positively refreshing. Corps-Cadet Jessop, and Juniors Ada Hearn and Ada Clarke deserve honorable mention.

Regent Hall Quartette's singing of "My soul is not unfeignedly brought to the spiritual birth" was fittingly to a close. The Quartette is now one of the finest testimonies to pure Salvationism in North London. All apparently "as young as ever," they have each done on an average seventeen years' Salvation service. They are not a mere money-making or performing brigade. They are simply four hard-working men with sanctified hearts and lips, who sing and blow for Jesus.

We refer elsewhere to the hearty singing of the Manor Park Songsters.

We have left the third, but by no

means the least important, part of the night to the finish. It consists of a double-barrelled charge. One, in the General's stirring message, which appeared in last week's issue, was received in a spirit which brought out, if that needed, the fact that Salvationists care less and less for anything which does not end in cultivating the spirit that first led the General to Mife-End.

The other was in a row of four or five ex-convicts in Salvation uniform. Jack Cassidy as spokesman for this batch of old jail-birds, and as he testified to attending divine worship, according to Act of Parliament, once a day for nearly thirty years out of his life, with the result "that my heart became as hard as the stones of my prison walls!" "Yes, yes," we exclaimed. "It's more and more, and still more, of salvation that we need."

The meeting lasted two and a-half hours, and only seemed as many minutes.

CAUGHT IN LOVE'S TRAP

Some three months ago a policeman noticed amongst the women who frequented the common lodging-houses, a young girl about seventeen or eighteen years of age. Her general appearance was so different from the rest that the kind-hearted policeman said to her :

"You have no business to be in a common lodging-house; why are you here?"

She then gave him an inkling into her story, which, by the way, was a very common one. She didn't like her situation, left it, and found herself stranded on the streets of Liverpool, ashamed to go to her home at Runcorn.

The policeman told the story to the Slum Officers, and an amiable conspiracy was devised. The plot amounted to this: The Slum Officers should write to the parents, telling them where their daughter was, and that on a given date they would receive a telegram from the officers, saying "The daughter was at the Slum barracks." The policeman used to find out the girl and tell her that the "Sisters" would like her to come and have a cup of tea with them.

The girl fell into the gentle trap, came to the Slum barracks, and during the progress of the meal one of the officers slipped out and sent a telegram to the parents.

The telegraphic message was sent at seven o'clock, and although the father had to travel thirteen miles by train, and had a considerable distance to walk, at half-past eight he presented himself at the little Slum barracks.

He entered the room where his wayward daughter sat. As soon as her eyes fell upon his well-known figure, with heart-piercing accents she cried out, "Oh, my father!" and rushed to the loving arms that were outstretched to receive her.

There were tears of joy shed by both father and daughter. A complete reconciliation took place, and that night the erring daughter, forgiven by her parents and by God, slept once more beneath the home roof-tree.

FOUND EACH OTHER.

One of our soldiers in Philadelphia advertised himself in the Missing Column of the War Cry for his mother, of whom he had lost all trace, though he supposed her to be somewhere in France. For some time no answer was forthcoming, but recently a letter was received from the Field Secretary of our French Headquarters stating that for some time all their efforts had proved fruitless, until one night a woman knelt at the penitent form of one of our corps there, who proved to be that very one who were searching for. As it turned out, she was saved as requested the Army authorities there to find her son for her, not knowing that he was searching for her. Both are now happy in the knowledge of each other's welfare and salvation.

Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness.



Daily Readings.

→ A FAITHFUL WATCHMAN ←

SUNDAY.

Hosea xiv. 1-9.—In returning to God, Israel is urged to bring with it words—words of contrite confession, words of earnest supplication, words of holy pleading, and words of self-dedication. The “calves of our lips” means the fruit of our lips, which is a choice Hebrew phrase (Isaiah liv. 19). The fruit is, of course, physical—our giving, or vows of obedience (Psalm 1, 13, 14; Micah 6, 21). Our lips shall celebrate God’s forgiving grace, they shall talk to Him, speak of Him before man, and shall, in concert with our hearts and in connection with our lives, be His for ever. At verse 3 Israel renounces those sins against the theocracy of which the prophet had accused him—viz., trust in Assyria and reliance on horses and chariots. In response, the Lord describes the blessing which He will give. The imagery reminds us of the Song of Songs, especially the reference to the lily and to Lebanon. The image of the lily suggests beauty and profusion, whilst that of Lebanon speaks of stability. To cause this, the Lord will be to the earth as the night-mist. The graces of the Spirit are the hidden dew. The more we depend upon Christ, and draw sap and virtue from Him, the more beautiful and steadfast our life shall be.

MONDAY.

Joel i. 1-20.—This chapter contains a description of a lamentable deviation made of the country of Judah by locusts and caterpillars. When the Lord purposes to rebuke sin, He has no need to create new agencies; there are myriads awaiting His command. Locusts will execute His judgments. The Divine source of retribution is beyond human imagination. God’s wrath things are strong enough to work mischief to the wicked. Man is soon smitten down by little creatures. This retribution was merciless, and left no sign of vegetable life. Sometimes the word of the Lord is associated with successive sorrows to the soul, but all with merciful design to lead it to repentance. From this day’s portion we are taught (1) that sin is sure to be followed by the most awful calamities; (2) that the retributive agents of God are destructive in number and effective in equipment; (3) that sin divests the world of its beauty, and its inhabitants of its joy.

TUESDAY.

Joel ii. 1-14.—The judgment written in the law (Deut. xxviii. 42). “The fruit of thy land shall be the locusts consume.” Is here being fulfilled. What a graphic description we have of God’s army of locusts. There is nothing like it in the book of God. None can escape the wrath of God, or make headway against it, or bear up under its weight (1 Sam. vi. 20; Ps. lxxvi. 7). In the 12-14 verses we find the prophet turns from his stern message to one of welcome and welcome, and makes known the readiness of God to pardon the apostate nation if it will but turn to Him with a sincere and contrite heart. Rend your heart and not your garments, means not only your garments but your heart. Repentance for sin is a necessity. The rent heart implies that which is inward, and includes true sincerity and genuine sorrow.

WEDNESDAY.

Joel ii. 15-27.—In the first three verses we have a nation urged to a meeting truly penitential. From this we learn that national assemblies should be called together to confess sin before God; that the maintaining of the credit of the nation among its

By J. H. MERRITT.

“Watchman.—One who watches ; a guard.”—Dictionary.

THE duties and responsibilities of a watchman vary according to the nature of his occupation, and the value of the property placed in his care. The one main qualification in every case is faithfulness, and only inasmuch as the person possesses it is he to be relied upon, or will his service prove acceptable. On the other hand, to be unfaithful in such a position, not only disqualifies the man, but too often endangers the lives of others, and causes disaster and destruction.

Unfaithful Watchmen.

I once read of a pilot who carelessly allowed his vessel to run upon the rocks, wrecking the ship, and causing a terrible loss of life. In one of his factories in our city, a negligent watchman allowed fire to gain such a headway as to destroy several thousand dollars’ worth of goods, and for a time to endanger the whole establishment. A milkman was driving home after his morning delivery, when, through the false signal of the crossing watchmen, he drove directly in front of a train and was hurled into eternity. During a recent campaign a sentinel fell asleep at his post, allowing the enemy to surprise the camp, kill or capture his comrades, and loot the stores.

These are only a few passing instances of unfaithfulness in watchmen, showing the disastrous results, but none of them to be compared with the one other class of watchmen I wish to refer to, nor such a calamity as inevitably follows the neglect of duty in their case. Never has a more solemn charge been given, nor a more sacred duty assigned to man, than that described in Ezekiel iii. 17. “Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at My mouth, and give them warning from Me.” Yet this is the position in which every truly

neighbor is a blessing to be desired and prayed for by all its inhabitants. Deliverance from peril takes away from the enemy the opportunity of reproaching the Divine name; forbids them saying in taunting language, “Where is their God?” When men disobey God, the earth becomes a wilderness, but when they obey God, the earth becomes an Eden, a verdant garden of the Lord. That is the promise (verse 20), there is growth (verse 22), there is superabundance (verse 19), there is joy (verse 21), there is real satisfaction (verse 26), and there is praise (verse 26). This is an ideal state of society. Thus will it be when all souls repose in the love of the eternal God.

THURSDAY.

Joel ii. 28-III. 8.—The prophet having spoken of temporal blessings, now speaks of spiritual blessings, of which the temporal is but a type. We are not at a loss about the meaning of the promise (verses 28-30), nor in doubt to what it refers, and what it leads to in the accomplishment. The Apostle Peter has given us an explanation and application of it, assuring us that when the Spirit was poured out upon the apostles on the day of Pentecost (Acts ii.), that was the very thing which was spoken of here by the prophet (Acts ii. 16-21). The time, the author, the extent, and the effect of the outpoured Spirit, are

converted man or woman is placed towards their fellow-men, and just in proportion to their opportunities is their responsibility. In the verses following the one above quoted, Ezekiel very clearly defines his God-given commission, and the results following either the faithful or unfaithful discharge of his duty.

How important it is, then, that every minister and layman, every officer and soldier, should have a right conception of their position, and the nature of their call. The Apostle Paul describes it thus: “For we are unto God a sweet savor of Christ; in them all are we seen, and in them that perish. To the one we are the savor of life unto life; and to the other the savor of death unto death.” Well indeed might the Apostle ask, “And who is sufficient for these things?” And certain indeed ought we to be to that we can truthfully say, “For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God, but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God speak we in Christ.”

The duties of a watchman in Israel are often very varied, and not always on the most pleasant character—in fact, the position is so trying that it requires a man of real courage, fully equipped by God, to rightly fill it. Watchman Moses required a great deal of patience in his dealings with the Children of Israel. In one instance we find him face to face with murmuring, dissatisfied multitude, almost in contempt of his life; yet he was faithful to his trust, and when God gave him a message, he delivered it straight and plain, with “Thus saith the Lord.” At another time Moses was in the mount receiving his instructions from God, and because he was a little longer than they thought he ought to be, the people rebelled against God, with Aaron as their leader, and went to worshipping a golden calf. And what did Moses do? Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp and said, “Who is on the Lord’s side, let him come unto me,” and all the sons of Levi gathered

clearly brought before us. The gift of the Spirit is not limited. It is for all flesh. The word pour speaks of a mighty shower, even as copiously as the rain after the prayer of Elijah. “Yours sons and daughters” etc., does not limit the application of the promise, but simply gives examples of those who shall realize it, none the effect it will have upon them. Do we know anything about this promise?

FRIDAY.

Joel iii. 9-21.—The prophet describes the victory which the church should gain over its enemies, and also the prosperity, joy, and purity which should follow. The closing verses give a very graphic picture of the future glory of the people of God. Three things are here promised—purity, plenty, and perpetuity. Purity is put last, but really it is first, for it is the ground and foundation of the rest. The church shall be all fair, without spot, wrinkle, or blemish. So shall it be in the blessing, that the tide of health and wealth even to the Valley of Shittim, which lay a great distance from Jerusalem on the other side of Jordan, and was a dry and barren valley. The most distant and barren places of society shall be awakened into moral verdure by the advent of the life-giving stream. Furthermore, they shall never be led again into captivity. The Church will be eternal; its enemies shall be desolate.

themselves unto him.” And then Moses gave another great proof of his faithfulness. “And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbor.” And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses; and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men. For Moses had said: “Consecrate yourselves unto the Lord, even as ever I made up unto His son, and upon thy brother, that he may bestow on you a blessing this day. What a contrast to some of the watchmen today! Not one message for his brother and another for the stranger. Not one punishment for this man and another for that. No! no! One name for sin, no matter who committed it. One punishment for all—for brother as for son, for mother as for daughter, for companion as for stranger, for friend as for foe—no respect of the rich more than of the poor, nor of high than low, and if the same spirit of faithfulness were shown to-day, what a revolution would take place in the church of God!

Do we want the church to grow, and the Army to flourish? Then let the watchmen do as Moses did, and the true Christian and soldier do as did the sons of Levi. Gird on your swords, and slay sin wherever found—whether in brother or friend. Then let God’s banner upon us His blessing, and the world will know there is still a God in Israel. And I might tell further of Moses’ record. “And Moses verily

Was Faithful in All His House

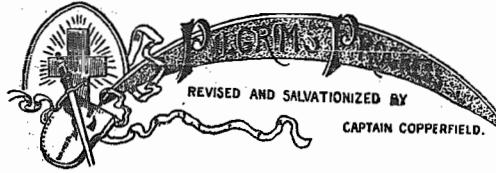
as a servant, for a testimony or these things which were spoken after.” But space will not permit of more than a mere sketch of his faithful report of the promised land, and his courageous dealings with the children of Israel; of Watchman Isaiah, with his fearless warnings; of Watchman Jeremiah’s thunders of judgment mingled with tears; of Watchman Ezekiel’s stinging reproofs; of Watchman Daniel in the palace of Darius; or Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, in the presence of Nebuchadnezzar. But they were all true to their God, and truthful in their dealing with men.

Then I might mention Watchman Paul, with his heart-searching writings; Watchman Peter, with his conscience-awakening preaching; Watchman John, with his loving, but uncompromising message, and many others, of whom it might be said, “These were faithful watchmen, stirring forth no unclean hand of the people.” Men, God is awake. His watchmen to a true sense of their responsibility; save us from a false charity which covers wilful sin, and a mistaken love which excuses it; our friends and relatives, in our comrades and soldiers, things which we condemn in strangers. Sin is sin with God, and what will damn a soul will most assuredly damn a soul who does, if persisted in knowingly and wilfully.

“And then, son of man, be not afraid of their words. . . . Be not afraid of their words, nor be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house.”

“But the son of man, hear what I say unto thee: Be not thou rebellious like that rebellious house; open thy mouth and eat that I give thee.”

Remember poor, unfaithful Jonah.



CHAPTER VI.

HOPEFUL.—"Another thing that troubled me is, if I look narrowly into the best of what I do now I still see the best, not the mind itself with the best of all I do. So that I am forced to conclude that notwithstanding my profession of religion, I commit sin enough in one day to send me to hell, even if my former life had been faultless."

CHRISTIAN.—"And what did you do then?"

H.—"Do I? I could not tell what to do until I spoke to Faithful, or, rather, he spoke to me, and told me that unless I could obtain the righteousness of man that never had sinned, neither my own, nor all the righteousness of the world, could save me."

C.—"How do you believe him?"

H.—"I had a dream so wide when first I made a profession of religion, and my mind was taken up with church duties, I should have called him a fool for his pains; but now, since I began to see the hollowness of my profession, I was satisfied that he should teach me."

C.—"And did you ask him what Man this was, and how you must be justified?"

H.—"Yes, and he told me it was the Lord of Hosts, and that I must be justified by His trusting to what He had done for me in the days of His flesh, and suffered when He died on the cross."

C.—"And what did you do then?"

H.—"I said I did not believe that anybody could be saved in this life."

C.—"But what said Faithful about it?"

How it was Done.

H.—"He told me to prove it for myself, but I said no, for I was invited to come. Then he gave me a New Testament, to encourage me to come, and he said concerning that book, every word was true, without any exaggeration. Then I asked him what I must do when I came, and he told me that I must entreat upon my knees, with all my heart, the Father to reveal the Son to me. Then I asked him further, 'What am I to say?' And he told me to pray similar to this, but in different words, 'God be merciful to a sinner, and save me now.' Prodigious! Now when I have been a rebel again! Then, but I surrendered now. Let the blood of Thy Son wash my sins away, even now. Lord, I will trust Thee. I do believe Thou art answering me now. It is being done. Glory! The great transaction's done. Now I belong to Thee; use me for Thy glory to help save somebody else! Amen and amen!"

C.—"And did He do it?"

H.—"Of course He did, glory be to His Name!"

C.—"What effect had this done?"

H.—"It made me feel different and think differently. All things became new to me, because I had become new. The birds seemed to sing of Jesus; the flowers seemed to reflect somewhat of His glory. It was just as if I had come into a fortune of money, and my sadness was turned into gladness."

I saw then in my dream that Hopeful looked back and saw Ignorance, whom he had left behind, coming after him. So he said, "Let us wait for him."

Then they waited.

C.—"Come along, man; the cigars suffice to detail them."

A Very Soothing Bad Habit.

IGNORANCE.—"I take my own time, and find it very soothing to smoke. I'd rather do without my breakfast or dinner. Besides, it is good company."

C.—"But how are you getting on in your soul?"

I—
"Well, I trust, for I always try to think of God and Heaven."

C.—"So do the devils and damned souls."

I.—"But I think of them and desire them."

C.—"So do many who are never likely to get their desires."

I.—"But I think of them, and leave all for them."

C.—"I doubt that very much. It means more to leave all than most people think. What makes you think you have left all for God and Heaven?"

I.—"My heart tells me so."

C.—"Ho that trusteth in his own heart is a fool."

I.—"That is spoken of an evil heart, but mine is a good one."

C.—"How do you prove that?"

I.—"It comforts me in hopes of Heaven."

C.—"That may be through its delusion; for a man's heart may comfort him in hopes for which he has no reason to hope for."

I.—"But my heart and life agree together, therefore my hope is well grounded."

C.—"Who told you that your heart and life agree?"

I.—"My heart tells me so."

C.—"Ask my brother if I'm a thief. Except the Word of God bear witness in this matter, other testimony is of no value."

I.—"But is it not a good heart that has good thoughts? And is it not a good life that is according to God's commandments?"

C.—"Yes; that is, a good heart has good thoughts, but it is one thing to have a clean heart, and another to think you have it."

I.—"What do count good thoughts, and a life according to God's commandments?"

C.—"There are good thoughts of various kinds: some respecting ourselves and God, some Christ, and some other things."

I.—"What are good thoughts concerning ourselves?"

C.—"Such as agree with the Word of God."

I.—"When do our thoughts of ourselves agree with the Word of God?"

C.—"When we pass the same judgment upon ourselves which the Word passes. To explain myself, the Word of God says of persons in a natural state, 'There is none righteous.' It also says, 'That every imagination of the heart is evil'; and again, 'The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth.' Now when we think of ourselves, then are our thoughts good ones, being according to the Word of God."

Not Quite so Bad.

I.—"I will never believe that my heart is so bad."

C.—"Therefore you never had one good thought of yourself in your life. But let me go on. As the Word passes judgment upon our hearts, so it passes judgment upon our ways; and when the thoughts of our hearts and ways agree with the judgment which the Word gives of both, then are we good."

I.—"Explain yourself more fully."

C.—"Why, the Word of God says that man's ways are crooked ways, not good, but bad. Now, when a man thinks like this of his ways, with heart-humiliation, then has he good thoughts of his own ways, because his thoughts now agree with the Word of God."

I.—"What are good thoughts concerning God?"

C.—"I have, I think, written concerning ourselves, when our thoughts of God agree with what the Word says of Him. We have right thoughts of God when we fully realize that He knows us better than we know ourselves, and can see sin in us where and when we can see none in ourselves. When we think He knows

our inmost thoughts, and that our heart, with all its depths, is always open to Him."

I.—"You think that I am such a fool as to think that God can see no farther than I? I believe in Christ for justification."

C.—"But you do not see your need of Him. You neither see your original nor actual infirmities, but you have such an opinion of yourself and of what you do, as plainly shows you to be one that never did see the necessity of Christ's personal righteousness to justify you before God. How can you say, then, that you believe in Christ?"

I.—"I believe as many others believe."

C.—"Now, how do you believe?"

C.—"I believe that Christ died for sinners, and that I shall be justified through Him. Or this: Christ makes my religious duties acceptable to the Father through His merits; and so I shall be justified."

A Lazy Man's Creed.

C.—"Let me comment upon your confession of faith. (1) You believe in a factual faith, which is nowhere described in His Word. (2) You believe in a faith with, because it takes justification from the personal righteousness of Christ, and applies it to your own. This faith makes Christ a justifier of your actions, not your person, and of your person for your actions' sake, which is false. (4) Therefore this faith is deceitful, and will condemn you, for true justification puts the soul, as sensible of its lost condition by the law, up-righting for service to Christ's righteousness. This righteousness of His is not an act of God, but of which He makes, for justification, your obedience accepted with God; but He personal obedience to the law, in doing and suffering for us what is required at our hands. True faith accepts this righteousness, and the soul being presented as apostles before God, is acquitted, and freed from condemnation."

C.—"What! would you have us trust in what Christ is His own person does with him? This would loosen the reins of our souls, and tempt us to live as we like. What does it matter how we live, if we may be justified by Christ's personal righteousness from all, when we believe it?"

C.—"Ignorance is your name, and this answer shows you deserve it. You are ignorant of all that I have been trying to explain to you."

C.—"And whether he ever had Christ revealed to him from Heaven?"

C.—"What! do you believe in present-day revelation?" Well, what you and all the rest of your fatigued army say about salvation is but the fruit of distracted brains—or the want of them!"

H.—"Why, man, Christ is so hid in God from the natural knowledge of the flesh that He cannot be by any means be savingly known unless God's Father reveals it."

C.—"Lest you, your faith, hurt me. And your name is as good as yours, although I have not in my head so many arguments. I have some books at home that could supply all that is lacking in me. Excuse me smoking again."

C.—"Let me say a word here, for this I will holdily affirm, even as my companion has said, that no man can know Jesus Christ but by the relation of the Father." And saving faith must come through the exceeding greatness of His mighty power—the working of His grace, poor ignorance, you are ignorant of. Be awakened, then! see not your own wretchedness, and cry to the Lord Jesus, who will never despise a broken and a contrite heart. By His righteousness, you shall be saved."

C.—"You walk so fast that I cannot keep up with you. Besides, I wish to call up here and get a box of matches." So he remained behind.

(To be continued.)

Knowledge without wisdom is a ship without a rudder.

Truthfulness, frankness and single-standard integrity are characteristics that shine through a man's character like lighthouse beams across a corrupted world.



III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER VI.

Otto the Great A. D. 936-973

Otto, the son of Heinrich, had been already chosen King of Germany, and was married to Edith, sister to the English King, Athelstan, a gentle lady, who saved and petted a deer which had taken refuge in her chamber. He was crowned at Aachen, by the Archbishop of Mainz, and the great dukes were present, the Duke of Franconia, as Charmer; the Duke of Soreine, as chemborieur; the Duke of Swabia, as cupbearer; the Duke of Bavaria, as master of the horse. Standing in the middle aisle of the cathedral, the archbishop called on all who would have Otto for their King to hold up their right hands. Then, leading him to the altar, he gave him the sword to chastise the enemies of Christ, the mantle of peace, the sceptre of power, and thus anointing, head, breast, shoulders, and hands with oil, crowned him with the golden crown of Karl the Great; and there was a great feast, when all the dukes served him according to their offices; but he had a stormy reign. The Dukes of Franconia and Lorraine rebelled, and so did his own brothers; but he was both brave, wise, and forgiving, so he brought them all to submit, and freed Boleslaus of Bohemia to leave off persecuting the Christians.

The Karling King, King Louis IV., had a great quarrel with his vassals, Hugh, Count of Paris, and Richard, Duke of Normandy, who called in the help of Harald Bluetooth, King of Denmark; Louis had married another English Princess, and Otto came to help his brother-in-law, thus beginning a war with Harold which ended in his making Denmark subject to the Empire; and he also subdued the Pomeranian Duchy of Poland. He founded bishoprics like Magdeburg, and sent missions with them. Magdeburg was one of his greatest bishoprics.

The Karling line of Kings of Italy had come to an end with King Lothar, who had been married to Adelheid, a Karling herself. She was young and beautiful, and the Lombard Duke, Berenger of Ivrea, wanted to marry her to his son. When she refused, he slew her in her castle on the Lago di Garda; but a monk, named Martin, made a hole through the walls of her dungeon, and led her wandering about, traveling by night, and hiding by day in the standing corn and reeds, till she reached a fisherman's hut, where she remained for some days in the dress of a fisher boy, while Brother Martin carried news to her friends. They took her to the castle of Canossa, and sent to entreat the help of Otto. He had lost his English wife, so Adelheid offered to marry him, and gave him her claim to the kingdom of Italy. He collected his troops, and came down on Berenger, who was besieging Canossa, drove him away, and, taking the Queen in triumph to Pavla, held at once his wedding and his coronation as King of the Lombards.

GOD'S WAY IS BEST.

Our place, our condition, our surroundings, what we have and what we have not, all are chosen of God; and God's choice for us has been in wisdom and in love. Let us never say or think that it could have been better. If it is, we would speak out plainly, let us say that God has chosen and given to us the best that He could secure, that He knew of, for our welfare and profit. If there is any lack, it is God's lack. Are we ready to blame Him for what we have not, or for what we have?

Or are we ready to admit that God's way for us is the best way, even if it is not what we would have chosen for ourselves? We ought to be grateful that God gives us what He knows to be best for us, and not what we might think would be best.

OVER JORDAN.

SIS. WILSON, OF BRACEBRIDGE,
GOES HOME.

We are reminded again that death is a solemn reality. On July 14th, Sister Mary Wilson, who has been suffering for some time with the much-dreaded disease, consumption, was set free by the hand of death. The day previous to her departure from our midst, she was conscious, and was heard trying to sing, "I'm happy now." We have no comrade, according to her desire, an Army burial, which was largely attended, considering the time of the year and the excessive heat. On the Sunday following Ensign Hide conducted a memorial service, which was very impressive.—J. Marshall, Capt.

MR. J. M. HOUSE, OF GRAVENHURST, ENTERS THE PORTALS.

Mr. J. M. House, a true and noble friend of the Army, passed away after a long illness. Mr. House has been a resident of Gravenhurst about 18 years, during which time he invented, and with the firm of B. R. Marvey & Son, patented several inventions in saw and shingle - mill machinery, together with other useful articles. He invented the Marine Rotating Engine which is now being introduced to English capitalists. For some time Mr. House was a member of the Town Council, and carried on business as general merchant.

Bro. House was an auxiliary member of the S. A., and requested the Army to bury him, having their flag and drum at his graveside. This we did.

He was especially noted for his devotion and godliness. In his young days he studied for the ministry, but owing to physical inability was prevented from rendering any active service. He could not go himself, but willingly gave his daughter, who spent a great many years as an officer (Captain House, now Mrs. Ensign Dodge). Mrs. Dodge has held many important commands in the Army.

The funeral, which was attended by the Mayor, several councillors, and leading men of the town, was conducted by Major Pickering, assisted by the Rev. J. R. Alkenhead. It was very impressive. Our departed brother's last words were, "Glory, Hallelujah!"

The bereaved family have the heart-felt sympathy of the friends and comrades of the S. A. at large.—L. G. Pyne.

WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING?

A little girl went home from church one Sunday full of what she had seen and heard. A day or two afterward, when talking with her father, who was not a godly man, she said suddenly: "Father, do you ever pray?"

He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner asked her: "Is it your mother or your aunt who has put you up to this?"

"No, father," said the child; "the people that good people pray, and those that don't pray can't be saved. Father, do you pray?"

"Well, you and your mother and your aunt may go your way, and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature with great simplicity, "which way are you going?"

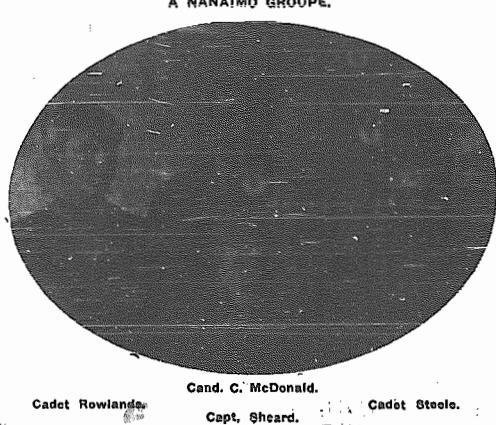
The question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was in the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

SELF-DENIAL COLLECTORS' HONOR ROLL.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Mrs. Captain McElheney, St. John I.....	\$160.00	Mrs. Capt. G. P. Thompson, Dartmouth	15.50
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay.....	144.00	Emma Adams, Kentville	15.25
Capt. Breault, Hamilton	110.00	Lieut. Hamilton, Kentville	15.20
Lieut. D. Long, Sydney	106.00	Sergt.-Major Veloit, Halifax II	15.13
Capt. Lava, Yarmouth	90.00	Mrs. Smith, Charlottetown	15.00
Adjt. Graham, Hamilton	82.00	Treas. Maggie Smith, Fairville	15.00
Capt. E. Martin, Charlottetown	75.90	Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow	15.00
Capt. Goodwin, North Sydney	60.00	Sergt.-Major McPherson, Glace Bay	15.00
Lieut. Harding, North Sydney	53.00	J. S. S. M. Harvey, Charlottetown	15.00
Lieut. J. Murdoch, North Sydney	50.00	Mrs. Veloit, Halifax II	14.51
Capt. E. Allen, Woodstock	50.00	P. S. M. Sparling, St. George's	14.50
Ensign J. McQueen, Moncton	50.00	Bro. W. Mustart, Summerside	14.15
Adjt. Wiggin, New Glasgow	50.00	Mrs. Blackwood, Woodstock	13.78
Capt. Parsons, Calais	50.00	Lieut. Jones, Houlton	13.00
Sergt.-Major Shea, Woodstock	48.00	Capt. Winchester, Houlton	13.00
Capt. E. Taylor, Sussex	47.75	Sergt. Martin, Glace Bay	13.00
Mrs. Olive, Carleton	32.92	Sergt.-Major Brown, Yarmouth	13.00
Capt. McEachern, St. Stephen	30.50	Capt. Corp.-Major Codd, Amherst	13.00
Lieut. Netting, Stellarton	30.00	Mrs. Tyler, Halifax II	12.73
Capt. J. Andrews, Fargo	28.15	Bro. T. Harvey, Hamilton	12.28
Capt. J. Greenland, Amherst	27.62	P. S. M. Packwood, St. George's	12.00
Lieut. March, Yarmouth	27.00	Sergt. J. Kelly, St. George's	12.00
Capt. Dye, Sydney Mines	27.00	Bro. Legg, Sydney	12.00
Sergt. Martin Armstrong, St. John III	26.50	Capt. N. J. Smith, North Head	11.53
Lieut. Vandine, Truro	25.25	Capt. Urquhart, Windsor	11.74
Mrs. Ensign Williams, Moncton	25.00	J. Nelson, Woodstock	11.50
Capt. Leadley, New Glasgow	25.00	Mrs. Ensign Allen, Woodstock	11.50
Capt. Clark, Chatham	25.00	Bro. Percy Tucker, North Head	11.26
Ensign W. Parsons, St. John III	25.00	Cadet J. Ogilvie, St. John III	11.26
Cadet Holden, Yarmouth	25.00	Sergt. Pike, North Sydney	11.26
Capt. Rithie, Kentville	25.00	Sergt.-Major Ward, North Sydney	11.11
Lieut. Mowbray, St. George's	24.00	Capt. Nugent, St. Stephen	10.75
W. H. Creighton, Sussex	23.00	Bro. Athan, Digby	10.63
Capt. A. O. Armstrong, Springhill	23.20	Mrs. Green, Summerside	10.50
Sergt. Clara Myre, St. John I	22.28	Capt. P. Parsons, Calais	19.50
Capt. Newell, St. John I	21.50	John Meantester, St. John II	10.40
C. McDonald, Bridgewater	21.50	Jesse Crosby, Yarmouth	10.40
Capt. G. P. Thompson, Dartmouth	21.00	P. S. M. Mrs. England, Chatham	10.35
Ensign Knight, Westville	21.00	M. S. Alcock, New Glasgow	10.20
Capt. Hudson, Carleton	21.00	Bro. W. White, Hamilton	10.10
Lieut. Leblanc, Bear River	20.95	Bro. Symmonds, Hamilton	10.00
Capt. Adl. Wiggin, New Glasgow	20.50	Bro. George, Hamilton	10.00
Lieut. McWilliams, Carleton	20.00	S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	10.00
Lieut. Weakley, Sydney Mines	20.00	Dan McDougal, Glace Bay	10.00
Mrs. Mills, Halifax II	20.00	Geo. Rice, Glace Bay	10.00
Father Hinton, Summerside	20.00	Sergt. Lee Cram, Sydney	10.00
Lieut. Tiller, Clark's Harbor	20.00	Howard Bouler, Sydney	10.00
Capt. Kirk, Clark's Harbor	20.00	Thos. Maddern, Westville	10.00
Sergt. J. Gibbons, St. George's	20.00	Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	10.00
Sec. M. Ellis, Charlottetown	19.20	Lieut. Fraser, Bridgewater	10.00
Mrs. Ensign Knight, Westville	18.50	Ensign Larder, Halifax II	10.00
Capt. Tilley, Liverpool	17.00	Dan Vanbuskirk, Moncton	10.00
Mary Churchill, Woodstock	16.17	C. C. Clark, Charlottetown	10.00
Sergt. McKean, Sydney	16.00	Cand. Warren Wood, Summer-side	10.00
Capt. Hutt, Fairville	16.00	Mrs. Lovely, Parrsboro	10.00
Mrs. Mustart, Summerside	16.00	Mrs. Durant, Parrsboro	10.00
J. S. S. M. Durdan, Fairville	15.75	M. Taylor, Parrsboro	10.00
Sergt. Mrs. White, Charlottetown	15.50	Mrs. Capt. Bowering, Parrsboro	10.00

A NANAIMO GROUPE.



CENTRAL ONTARIO.

(Additional)

S-Capt. Archibald, Lippincott	\$60.00
S. M. Freeman, Lippincott	56.25
Maj. Collier, Lippincott	56.25
Capt. Freeman, Lippincott	56.25
Col. Margetts, Lippincott	56.25
S. M. Churchill, Lippincott	56.25
S-Capt. Creighton, Lippincott	10.00
Adjt. D. Creighton, Lippincott	10.00
Adjt. Goodwin, Lippincott	10.00

S. B. M. Notes.

Central Ontario Province

THE L.A. PRIZE WINNERS.

The Provincial Agent is pleased to report an advance over last collection. Brother Langridge, of Huron St. Toronto, got the first prize of a nice Bible, having attained the largest percentage over last collection. He brought the work up nicely at old No. 1. Having since entered the field work, the question is who will rise up and take his place. The P.A. has seen so many of his agents enter the field during his over five years' experience that the G.B.M. seems to prefer a stepping stone to field work. May God prosper them all!

Mrs. James, of Orrilla, got the second prize, having obtained the largest total. She did immense, and secured thereby "Salvation Music" by the General. Mrs. James deserves great credit. God bless her!

Brother McCrum, of the Toronto Men's Shelter, secured the third prize by getting out the largest number of new boxes.

To those who did not win, but worked the P.A. feels very much indebted for the effort they put forth. We have started on the up line, so let us grow up—up—up! Perseverance conquers all. By faith good things are seen ahead by the P.A. The day star of victory has arisen. The September quarterly collections should eclipse everything of the past. It is to be hoped this statement finds an echo in every L.A.'s heart.

We must go on and up to greater triumphs than ever.

C. A. Perry, Provincial Agent.

WHO SEEKS FINDS.

Take this for granted, once for all. There is neither chance nor fate, And to sit and wait till the skies shall fall,

Is to wait as the foolish wait.

The laurel longed for you must earn; It is not of the thing men lead; And though the lesson be hard to learn,

The sooner the better, my friend.

That another's head can have your crown Is a judgment all untrue;

And to pull this man or the other down Does not in the least raise you.

No light that through the ages shined To worthless work belongs; Men dig in thoughts, as they dig in mines,

For the jewels of their songa.

Hold not the world as in debt to you When it credits you day by day With the light and air, with the sun and dew,

And all that cheers your way.

And you in turn, as an honest man, Are bound you will understand. To give back either the best you can, Or die and be out of hand.

Fulfil well the small duties of each moment, and they will build the bridge to a great future.

Our Chatham Campaign

26 Seekers—15 Enrolled or Put on Recruits' Roll—Grand Wind-Up.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

Although we have had to contend with very hot weather (at any rate part of the time) yet we have had very good success.

A Word About the Soldiers.

We must give credit where credit is due, and we are glad to say they turned up well to the open-air and meetings. For the number of soldiers on the roll, perhaps as well as anywhere we have yet been, and—

"If they keep up their fighting,
And in Jesus delighting,"

they ought to win many trophies of His grace. A soldier, though, is very little good if he has not got the "war paint" on.

On Sunday afternoon we spent two hours at the park, surrounded by an immense crowd of people, who listened most attentively to all that was said and sang, and to show their appreciation, they gave \$6.00 to the offering, and one listener came out before the great crowd and sought the Lord in the centre of the ring.

A New Thing.

Is there anything new under the sun? Well, occasionally we see something. On Saturday the leading hotels in the city is called the Grand House, the proprietor of which is most friendly to the S. A. Well, on Sunday night, while holding an open-air meeting opposite the said hotel, we were caught in a heavy thunder shower. We were invited into the large office of the hotel, where a glorious service was held, and \$3.00 donated towards our work. About one hundred persons were present, the Mayor of the city being an attentive listener.

The Results.

26 seekers for pardon and purity. 15 were enrolled or put on the Recruits' Roll.

200 soldiers above the average attended the open-air.

700 people above the average attended the services.

\$5.36 were the total offerings.

The Junior Work.

Sergt.-Major an. Mrs. Dunkley, and helpers, have the Junior work well in hand, and from what we saw of the work on Sunday morning last, we would consider it in a healthy condition. The importance of the children's work! The boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow.

The Officers.

Ensign Gamble and Capt. Hookin were the essence of kindness and consideration to us, and we trust the Lord will give them many mighty triumphs of His grace in Chatham.

I am sorry to say Staff-Capt. Manton is a little under the weather. His voice has departed for a season, but it is little wonder, for it has been sing, sing, sing most of the time, and we are not quite made of steel; but we rejoice that He counts us worthy to lead some of His lost ones to God. Hallelujah! "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever." This is what we are in for.

MIKE STILL MOVIN'.

Well, sur, ye'll understand that me bizness often brings me tu sum grage senters of pupulashun, an konsequently I struck fur Hillshore, it is a place we kalkulated tu restore the shattered nerves of people needin' restorashun. Changin' kars at Salisbury, I horded the train ov the S. & R. R. the furst evidence ov bein' on a railroad that can ekclipse the G. T. R., C. P. R., or eny other P. R.'s, was the fact that ye don't need tu bother buyin' a ticket at the stasnum; ya just git the konduktur sum kash na it's all rite.

"How much it is fur Hillshore?"

sez I.

"35 cts.," sez he.

The Church where the Late Queen Victoria had a family pew, and where Prince Henry of Battenberg is buried.

Whippingham Church, Isle of Wight.

Victoria had a family pew, and where Prince Henry of Battenberg is buried.

I was suprised at the small amount an not likin' to akt ignorant like, by inquirin' how far it was, I sez, "How many hours ride do you give a man fur that?"

"Oh, about an hour an a half," sez he.

"That is cheap," sez I; "ketch the G. T. R., or the L. C. R., or the C. P. R. givin' ye an hour an a half ride fur 35 cts. Not much!"

An Independent Railroad.

Well, the time bein' up, I descended frum the kar at the futskias end, an gazed round on the sittin' of Hillsboro. It was so different to other sittes, so restful, so full of peace. In front ov me stid the grate stasnum, fully 16 by 24 ft. in size; tu me left the lively waters of the Petticoatic River rippled at a few feet deep, an the bold mountains lummed up toward the heaven, while behind me snorted an painted the engine ov the lightning express, frum which I had just descended. I gazed around—no grating electric kar, no confusid shovv ov a dozen kabmen disturbed the peaceful scene, an me friend had failed to meet to me. By-and-by a nice-lukin' lad kum forward an ask me if I wanted tu go sumwher. I told him that was me desire. It was a hole mile tu sumwher, so pickin' up me grips, we struck abru the kam afir at a lively pace. We had just proceeded a little way when, sure, ther wuz an Arme Kavallerie. Some Amazons is never so clever. I'll see it in Hillsboro, sez I tu myself, an that nite I went tu the meetin'. There was a fine krowd, an a lot of young people has lately got saved. Bless their young hartz, sez I.

Mr. Editor, I've noticed its nerly alwayz young people who du get saved. If people don't get konverted before they are 25 years old, the devil is nere sur on them. Ther hartz git all wizened and dried up, an all the finest an best feelin' gone. That was a true sayin' ov the great poet—

"Twill save you frum a 1000 staires
To mind religion young."

Some people sez the yung folks backsode no much. Wel, Mr. Editor, I think the old wunz is no better, so itz as broad as itz long.

Wel, sur, the next mornin' I had tu go back over the railroad. Bein' at the stasnum somethin' time before the train arrived, I look around the shops, stores, an' the road. The roundhouse is square, an is felliy 60 ft. long, an near 25 ft. wide. I measured it. There was akkomodashun fur a hull engine at wunst. In the shops 2 or 3 men wen blisse, an I seed 2 hull barrels ov oil, it heets awl what a lot ov stuff it takes to run a railroad. Mebbe ye'll think I am rithe sarkastil.

Like, an mebbe I am, but that was a railroad just kild ov independent like, not kontrolled by a big korporashun. Like others, but a lot ov side lines runn' off in little shew. It made me think ov the side lines frum the Salva-shun road, that won't be bost by everybody—the may be goin' sumwher, but it takes a long time to git there.

Mike's Experience With the Telephone.

Did ye ever tank wid a telephone, sur? But ye shud a bin wid me when I tried the machine. Hayin' a burnin' desire to talk wid Mr. Thompson ov Glace Bay town, I went huntin' fur the tukin' offis. After much latutute I found it, and gin a fine lukin' young lady tu understand what me desire was. She jammed some sticks inter a brass bord in front ov her, an holered at it, an turnin' tu me she sez, sez she. "Theer he iz, go to the fence." I went to a buizess that was hangin' on the wall an sez, "Iz that ye, Kapitan Thompson?" An it wasn't him at all, at all. Thinks I. I'll hang the telephone up, git the rite man. "Oh, ye mussen do that," sez the fist. "Stand there a listin'," an' sure I had tu stand an listen wid a thing like a potato masher tu me ear, while the went up street tu fun for the Kapitan. After a long time Mr. Thompson kum. "What that Kapitan Thompson?" sez I.

"It izzzz," sez he.

"Wel, what about mo kummink an havin' sum meetins wid ye?" sez I.

"Ye kan kum," sez he, "but—Gin me nummber, sonnd-so," sez amnone.

"Kaptan," sez I.

"Yes," sez he.

"Well, ye say," sez I.

"Hello, hello! Wel, go ahead, I've bin sick!"

"Hello, hello! What was the rest ov what ye sed?"

"Iz that Kapitan Thompson?" sez I.

"It iz," sez he.

"What did ye say," sez I.

"Ye're far from the fone," sez he.

"Hello," sez I. "What more did ye say? Say it agin, I kan hear ye."

"Iz that Kapitan Thompson?" sez the telephone girl.

"It iz," sez he.

"Wel, speak louder," sez she.

"I'm speekin' loud enuf," sez he.

"Wel, go on," sez she.

"Kurnel Jakobs," sez he.

"Wel, what more did you say," sez I?

"Hello," sez he.

"Hello," sez I.

Here I droppt the machine, an giv up the job, an paid the gurl a hull quarter fur the interesting konverashun, an takin' the trane early the next mornin' to find out what the Kapitan had b'ne sayin'.

"What wuz ye sayin' last nite, sez he?"

"What wuz ye sayin'?" sez I.

An it turned out the Kapitan had bin poisonid wid Kannen Samon, an everything was mixt up.

From Traveling to Heaven.

Will ye luk an see if ye can find a wan stan stamp enklaod, for which plese and me yer latest time table, ov how ye hav bin spendin' yer kash. I hev a burdin' desire tu no what is a railroad just kild ov independent like, not kontrolled by a big korporashun. Like others, but a lot ov side lines runn' off in little shew. It made me think ov the side lines frum the Salva-shun road, that won't be bost by everybody—the may be goin' sumwher, but it takes a long time to git there.

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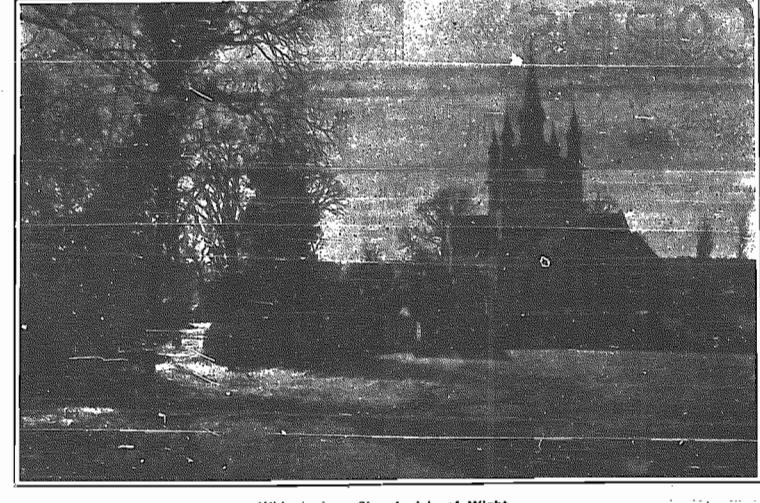
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The Captain's Ghost.

By W. RITCHIE, Tilsonburg, Ont.

SERGT.-MAJOR JAMISON had been a soldier and Local Officer in the corps at Y— for a number of years. Always at the post, rare or plain, one could hardly think of the corps without associating the tall, intellectual Sergeant-Major with it.

In "the early days" the Army had opened fire on the home town of the future Sergeant-Major, who was then one of the boys at the place, spending his evenings playing billiards, cards, pool, or some other game, with a

Background of Whiskey, Beer, Pro-fanity, and Tobacco.

At home, a Christian mother ceased not to pray for her wretched and only son; yet she felt very much disappointed when God answered her prayers—as He has answered the prayers of hundreds of others—by using the Salvation Army to save her boy. However, being a woman of common sense, she thought it best not to object, hoping that in a short time he would be willing to leave the Army and enter his beloved church, as a Christian young man.

Several years sped by, of years of happiness in the Jamison home. The young man's devotion to God and the Army was not any less than his devotion to his mother, and many a chat took place in Mother Jamison's little parlor, where visiting Staff Officers found a kindly welcome from mother and son after the close of the evening meeting. So the days flew by, and many were helped by the life and testimony of that faithful Army soldier, who freely gave the best of his life to the cause of God.

One day

A Great Trial Came

to the officers and soldiers. A comrade treated by all had proven unfaithful to God and his employers, and the little band of workers found themselves objects of ridicule and contempt by many. No one was more keenly sensitive to the blow than the Sergeant-Major. Feeling the responsibility of his position, and a realization that he was a representative of the corps, the disgrace settled heavily upon him. His officers grieved at his discouragement, and hoped that it would soon pass away, little guessing that Satan was laying subtle traps for the feet of the young man. Alas! the Sergeant-Major was doing as many others have done, trying to bear his sorrow alone, forgetting to keep in touch with Jesus, the Great Burden-bearer. The meetings soon became a drag, the ring was gone from his testimony, and

The Joy Out of His Prayers.

One night he sat in the little parlor of his home, his violin hung on the wall, where it had remained, unused, for days. The last month's All the World and the latest War Cry lay unopened on the table, as with gloomy face he sat brooding. Presently Mrs. Jamison said:

"James, dear, why not come with me to church? See how discouraging it is, after these years of hard work, to see so much of it under your own roof? I am such a burden, I am sure you can do a lot of good in the church, and our young minister likes you so well, too. I am getting old, and would like to have you sit in your father's place beside me."

Was it Satan disguised as an angel of light who prompted that aged servant of God to speak these words, or was it simply an awful mistake made with good intentions? I know not;

but the suggestion took root in a corner of that young man's heart, and he thought of the quiet, restful meetings in the church, where soft notes of the organ mingled with the voices of the young people, who dressed in elegant negligees of the days, grew upon him. How restful it seemed in comparison to the dusty marsh and restless barracks room! Then how nice it would be to be

Freed from the Responsibility

of the corps, which never seemed as heavy as then. After all, was his work in the Army at an end? Had he left his duty by it? Thus he

reasoned with himself as he sat in silence.

Suddenly the scene changed, and he thought himself in the old Army hall where he was converted. There were sad-dust on the floor, the benches were rough and homely, the air was filled with the noise of timbrel and sound of drum. It was the same after his conversion, and before him stood the lascivious officers who led him to the Cross. She was speaking to him—"God has called you to be a soldier; do not waver or hold back. We are going on the march; remember the words of Jesus. 'He that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me.' May you always bear it. Brother James, and be true till we meet in the morning." Then he spoke himself—"how the words came to him now—

"Captain, I'll be True."

The march went out, and he was in it.

When he came to himself he was sitting still in the parlor beside his mother, who was waiting for his reply.

UNITED MEETING AT ST. JOHN III.

Brigadier Sharp Commissions Eight Corps-Cadets.

(Special.)

It is not often the privilege of the writer to attend, in St. John, N. B., the regular Monday night meeting, at which all the officers and corps unite, and which is usually led by the Chancellor. These meetings are, as a rule, of a most enthusiastic character, and result in much spiritual and financial help to the corps where they take place.

Last Monday, this meeting was at No. III., and was led by Brigadier Sharp, assisted by Staff-Capt. Phillips, and was preceded by a great march. When we entered, we found a fine crowd at the barracks. Singing and testimonies were red-hot. Then came one of the most interesting events of

A SAVED MURDERER.

About seven or eight years ago, in Liverpool, a man whose disposition was quiet and peaceable than otherwise, was troubled with a cantankerous wife. We believe she was addicted to drink; at any rate, one of her pet customs was to irritate the husband by asking him to cut off her head, and tormenting him with fear because he did not. But, sad to say, one day, goaded to ferocity by her manner, he completely severed her head from her body.

He was tried at the Assize for the awful deed, and as witnesses came forward to prove his peaceable character, and the great provocation to which he had been subjected, he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

A Remarkable Conversion.

At the expiration of his term he came back to the same neighborhood, and one Sunday afternoon strolled into the little Slum barracks. Here he heard singing of salvation, and testifying to testimonies of God's grace and saving power. God's Holy Spirit worked upon his heart and conscience; but, doubtless, whether there was mercy for such an one. He rose from his seat, and in accents that thrilled the little congregation, he cried:

"Is there any forgiveness for one who has broken the sixth Commandment? Tell me, is there mercy for a murderer?"

Thank God, he was told that God's mercy was obtainable by such as him, and he came to the Cross and obtained salvation. He is saved to-day.

A TERRIBLE WARNING.

A young woman stood around our open-air meeting a week ago Saturday night, and felt convicted of her sin, and had a desire to come and be saved. Her sister dragged her away home. She vowed if she got another chance she would give herself to God, but it never came. Last Saturday, whilst hunting eggs in her father's barn, she fell from a great height, smashing her skull, dying almost instantly, unsaved. What an awful warning to the procrastinator.—Ensign Pugh, Picton, Ont.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

One who thinks about the wants of others as well as about his own; who delights in helping others, those especially who are helpless and themselves; who makes allowances for the erring, and tries to raise the fallen; who cannot be bribed to do a dishonest action, or bullied to tell a lie; one who has gentleness and manliness, the child's heart in the brave man's breast.—Dean Hole.

PRACTICAL REFORMATION.

A young woman, nineteen years of age, who lived in a common lodging-house, and got her living by shame, came on Saturday evening to the meeting. Here she was brought under the power of God. The Holy Spirit opened her eyes to the awful life she was living, and she longed to change it. For a short time she lived in the same lodging-house a new creature in Christ Jesus. She was then received into the Rescue Home, where the work of reformation was completed. She is now living in service, honored and trusted by her employers.

SELF-PRIDE UNPOPULAR.

I have often heard said by him, who, among all people I have conversed with, to the edification of my understanding, had the keenest practical insight into human nature, and best knew the art of controlling and governing men and winning them over to their good—the moment anybody is successful with him, everybody else becomes dissatisfied with him; whenever a person thinks much of himself, all other people cease to think much of him.—Hare.

HARVEST • THANKSGIVING • FESTIVAL

Saturday, Sept. 21st,

T0

Tuesday, Sept. 24th,

INCLUSIVE.

WHAT WILL YOUR THANK-OFFERING BE?



In the place where the Captain had stood he could see his father's portrait hanging on the wall. Picking his Bible up from the centre table, he opened it at the tenth of Matthew, and as he laid it open thus on the arm of his mother's chair, his finger marked the thirty-eighth verse. Slowly she read the message, then removed her gold-rimmed glasses from her eyes, strangely moist, and put her arm around the neck of her manly son, saying: "Forgive me, I'm a son I should not have said what I did."

A few moments later the sound of violin music came through the partly open window; mingled with it was a strong young voice singing in joyous tones:

"I will follow the Lamb,
I will follow the Lamb,
With the Cross on my shoulder
I will follow the Lamb."

The corps at Y— has passed safely through its testing-time. Sergt.-Major Jamison is one of the happiest of soldiers, and he thanks God for the Captain's ghost that came to him in his hour of temptation, and that Captain, in a strange land of peculiar people and language, knows not how her words helped a faltering soul.

the evening, the commissioning of eight Corps-Cadets, of which there are nine at this one corps, for special work in connection with these meetings. The Brigadier, in a stirring address, made plain the fact that continual improvement was being made in the training of our young people for practical service to God and man. The Cadets were then solemnly dedicated to God for spiritual work. They were dressed in their uniform costume, and sang very nicely together. This band of young girls and lads promise well for the future of the Army.

After a short soul-saving talk by the Staff-Captain, the Brigadier gave a splendid Bible lesson on the parable of the lost sheep, following the lost sheep through its wanderings; the shepherd's faithful seeking for it, and ending with the shout of joy over its return, and after a good prayer meeting there was joy in heaven and on earth over a good number at the penitent form and thus ended deep, good spiritual time at No. III.—Visitor.

The misery children make for their parents is well known; the misery parents make for their children not so well.



Lieut. Currell, C.O.P.	360
Lieut. Erb, W.O.P.	278
Capt. Copeman, W.O.P.	230
Capt. Noble, Pac. P.	230
Capt. Long, Skagway	229

HUSTLERS' LETTERS.

THE BEST METHOD.



I have found that War Cry selling in one place is the best method for an officer to become acquainted with the people on entering a new town. Introduces the way to everything else.—

Capt. Livingston, Edmonton.

MANY THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

The War Cry has been a great blessing to me, and I have often seen it used as an instrument in bringing sinners to S. A. meetings who otherwise would not have come. I have also known sinners who have been saved through reading it. I praise the Lord, Who has given me grace and strength to sell many of them in saloons, offices, stores, and houses, one year selling about 4,500. I could relate many thrilling experiences I have had in selling the Cry, but for lack of space; but the War Cry is the paper used of God in the Salvation Army.—Mrs. E. Barber.

A PLEASURE TO SELL THEM.

I first met the Salvation Army thirteen years ago, in a little village called Cedar Springs, five miles from Blenheim. I have taken the War Cry regularly ever since, and have always read it with pleasure and profit. I have also had experience in War Cry selling, and always took great pleasure in selling them. It was no cross for me to sell them.—Ina Groom, Blenheim.

ALWAYS GETS A BLESSING.

I always get a blessing in my soul by selling War Crys, and get a chance to talk quite a lot about salvation. I have had a very strange experience the last two and a half years, and have passed many hours of anguish of heart, more mental than physical. I consulted three doctors, but the Great Physician is the only One Who can do man any good. Truly I have been passing through the fire, and I am not quite through yet, but I thank God for His presence with me, and He often speaks to me to encourage me to go on. So the age of miracles is not past yet—Yours under the flag, Margaret St. John.

"I LOVE TO SELL IT."

Sergt. Burke is pleased to tell of the good our dear old Cry has done in her many visitations of the different bottols, etc., in Belleville. "I love to sell it, and intend to put in all my spare time I can in pushing its sales, which I always find a blessing to my soul," she concludes.

What your memory lacks your feet have to make up in extra steps.

It is well you should accept the responsibility of your work, but leave God to manage the universe.



ARAB AHEAD WITH 101—THE EAST, EVEN IF PRESENT, WOULD BE IN THE SHADE—MAG BEATS NIGGER ON ALL FOURS—NEW. FOUNDLAND BEATS THE PACIFIC.

Currell, Wreathed In Smiles, Maintains Her Lofty Championship Amidst Changes on all Sides.

West Ontario Province.

100 Hustlers.

Lieut. Erb, London 278

Capt. Copeman, Brantford 230

Lieut. Craft, Galt 150

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock 110

Lieut. Yeomans, Sarnia 100

Capt. Barker, Paris 100

Ensign Gamble, Chatham 100

Capt. Hockin, Chatham 100

Capt. Maisey, Guelph 95

Ensign Scott, Clinton 90

Capt. Carr, Petrolia 86

Mrs. Capt. Rock, Berlin 80

Lieut. McCall, Norwich 80

Capt. Fyfe, Listowel 80

Lieut. Watson, Listowel 80

Ensign Hellman, Essex 80

Ensign Crawford, Goderich 75

Sergt. Richards, Guelph 75

Capt. Knuckle, Sarnia 75

Sergt. McDougall, Goderich 75

Ensign Sloane, Stratford 75

Capt. Crawford, Stratford 75

Mrs. Alice, Mitchell 75

Auntie Wright, Ingersoll 75

Lieut. Cook, Forest 75

Mrs. Capt. Burton, St. Thomas 75

Lieut. Greenwood, Seaforth 75

Lieut. West, Palmerston 75

Capt. White, Woodstock 75

Lieut. Stickells, Leamington 75

Flora McCubbin, Leamington 75

Capt. Campbell, Seaforth 75

Lieut. Carley, Ridgeway 75

Capt. Harman, Tilsonburg 75

Lient. Ellis, Tilsonburg 75

Adjt. Cameron, Brantford 75

Sergt. Palmer, London 75

Mary Schuster, Berlin 75

Capt. Horwood, Wingham 75

Ensign Green, Windsor 75

Capt. Plant, Bayport 75

Mrs. British, Stratford 75

P. S. M. Grier, Dresden 75

Capt. Williams, Palmerston 75

Lieut. Webber, London 75

Sergt. Keefer, Windsor 75

Maud Staggs, Wallaceburg 75

Mrs. McGuinn, Blenheim 75

Lieut. Martin, Watford 75

Mrs. Manser, Woodstock 75

S. B. Bryden, Windsor 75

Josie Gregor, Hespeler 75

Mrs. Foublister, St. Thomas 75

Ensign Sloane, Stratford 75

Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Ridgeway 75

Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway 75

Adjt. McHarg, Petrolia 75

Capt. Major Cooper, Guelph 75

Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville 75

Mrs. Cutting, Essex 75

Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia 75

Ensign Jarvis, Hespeler 75

Nelle Langley, St. Thomas 75

Capt. St. Croix, St. Thomas 75

Sergt. Ellis, Dresden 75

Poorl Hardacre, Chatham 75

Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg 75

Dad Christner, Dresden 75

Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas 75

S. M. Graham, Themasville 75

Edna Lamb, Stratford 75

Mrs. Sykes, Stratford 75

Mabel Wheeler, Hespeler 75

P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor 75

Lieut. Murray, Dresden 75

Rhoda White, Simcoe 75

Bro. Blackmore, Wroxeter 75

Mrs. Blackmore, Forest 75

Celstia Slyver, St. Thomas 75

C. C. Dixon, St. Thomas 75

Capt. Kitchen, Ingersoll 75

Capt. Lyle, Peterborough 75

Mrs. Adit. McGillivray, London 75

Treas. Harris, London 75

Sister Wright 75

Capt. Rock, Berlin 75

Capt. Yeomans, Wallaceburg 20

Adjt. McGillivray, London 20

Capt. Wiseman, Wyoming 20

Bella Beach, London 20

Mrs. Pettit, St. Thomas 20

Capt. Groombridge, Thedford 20

Fred Talcott, Ridgeway 20

C.C. Bowring, Stratford 20

C.C. Gear, Strathroy 20

C.C. Hardy, Strathroy 20

Mrs. McLroy, St. Thomas 20

Mrs. Hookin, St. Thomas 20

Capt. Hickin, Picton 20

Sergt. Mrs. Welsh, Burlington 18

P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa 118

Capt. Yake, St. Johnbury 110

Lieut. Hicks, Barre 100

Lieut. Owens, Sherbrooke 100

Capt. Crego, Peterboro 86

Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa 85

Sergt. Rogers, Montreal 80

Capt. Silver, Antigonier 75

Oneida, St. Albans 75

Capt. Hunt, Newport 75

Capt. Ash, Port Hope 75

Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Kingston 74

E. Codner, Kingston 71

Adjt. Moore, Kingston 70

Sergt. Moors, Montreal I. 60

Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa 60

Capt. Lawrie, Pembroke 60

Capt. Gross, Cobourg 60

Capt. Edwards, Quebec 58

Sergt. Sherratt, Montreal I. 58

Capt. Crawford, Quebec 58

Capt. Rutherford, Peterborough 58

Capt. C. Gill, Peterborough 58

